

THE PRIZE POEMS.

MANY NORTH CAROLINA MATTERS TOLD OF IN VERSE.

The Competition Productions for a Handsome Prize—Offered by a Prominent Publishing House.

Some time ago the publishing house of A. Williams & Co. offered, through the CHRONICLE a handsome prize for the best poem of not less than sixteen nor more than twenty-four lines on any North Carolina subject.

The proposition attracted very general attention, and a number of people sent in notices that they would compete for the prize. Poems began to come in soon after and they were received up to the limitation of time which was March 15th.

The house offering the prize then requested a committee to read the poems and decide which one was entitled to it on the ground of merit. The acting members of this committee were Mr. W. J. Peelo and Miss Eliza Pool. The poems were given them last Thursday. In reading them over some were rejected because they did not comply with the provision that the subject should pertain to North Carolina. Others were left out as unworthy of merit.

The committee did not know the names of either of the writers. The poems were submitted with names of authors detached, and a record of them was kept by numbers.

The Prize Poem.

The decision of the committee was that, among the fifty or more poems submitted, "No. 11" was entitled to the prize.

This number was compared with the record and it was found that the writer of the poem was Mrs. A. W. Curtis, of Raleigh.

The title of the poem is "North Carolina." It is the first one following below, and following it are other poems which were received.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Thou sittest like a queen with coronal
Of dazzling beauty on thy sunny brow;
The glorious mountains for thy lofty throne,
The grand old Ocean lying at thy feet;

Thy jewels are the healing springs, that
Like gleaming pearls upon thy bounteous breast.
From far and near, earth's weary pilgrims
Come,—

A long procession, sad and heavy-eyed,—
To win anew the priceless boon of health,
From thy Bethesda, angel stirred, and
blest.

Deep in the bosom of thy mighty hills,
Beneath Nature's breast the elixir of life,
And pours it lavishly through riven
rocks,

In basins carved by no weak, human
hand;
And here and there, deep down the
woodland glens,

She sets her moss-rimmed chalices, where
those
Who quaff with fevered lips the cooling
draught,

Find health and vigor stealing through
their veins.
O, queenly State! lift up thy fair, proud
head,

The while thy sons and daughters honor
thee,
And shine a pure white star, whose
light shall be

Undimmed, through all the ages yet to
come!

MRS. A. W. CURTIS,
Raleigh, N. C.

The Heroes of Seventy-Five.

When Tyranny's sceptre, raised over our
land,
Made Liberty crouch 'neath the despot's
command,

And waitings from valley and hilltops
arose
To tell to the country Columbia's woes:
While others stood hopeless, in trouble
and dread,

Unable to cope with the Tyrant's proud
tread—
'Twas then that the Heroes of the Old
North State,
With courage prepared for the patriot's
fate,

Assembled, while Nature was glad-some
and gay
Arrayed in the brightness and beauty of
May;

Assembled 'mid Mecklenburg's forests
and hills
Where soft, rustling leaflets and mur-
muring rills

Commingling with notes from the song-
sters above
Awoke with their echoes an anthem of
love;

Assembled determined to shatter the
bands
That hampered their actions and fettered
their hands

And send to the nations all over the
world,
The message that Freedom her flag had
unfurled

To wave o'er Columbia from mountain
to sea—
'The land of the brave and the home of
the free.'

'Twas done: and the tidings, borne
northward, awoke
A courage that shattered the Tyrant's
proud yoke,
And reared a Republic that long will
survive

To honor the "HEROES OF SEVENTY-FIVE"
"JESSIE."

North Carolina.

North Carolina—lovely mother—
Fair land of historic fame,
We are stirred as by no other—
At the mention of thy name!

Long thy stretch of proud Atlantic—
Great thy stretch of mountain range,
Sunny lands between, romantic,
Happy homes and fruitful grange.

Thy sons, dear State, are patriotic,
Thy daughters fair—from healthful
clime,
Thou first broke the chains despotic—
At Mecklenburg—in olden times!

And throughout the Revolution
Thy sons showed their deathless pluck
For their freedom—Constitution—
And loved land—in blows they struck!

Moore's Creek, Alamance and Guilford,
Are names Tyrants o'er will rue!
In Mexico and 'gainst the late horde
Thy sons proved their valor true.

Here, then, let us live contented—
Cultivate the Arts of Peace—
In Carolina—fair as Scotland—
Framed like ancient Rome and Greece!

CAPT. D. MCNEILL,
Richmond Co., N. C.

The Death of Eleanor Dare.

[AN ECHO FROM CROATAN.]

Take the child, dear husband, I will rest,
I never more will take her on my breast
And scan the sea for coming of the
sails

That never come. Alas! my poor heart
quails
Sadly over this, our little one!
Two weary years I've looked for father's
ships

With straining eyes, and sadly parching
lips—
The struggle's o'er, my precious father
lies
Beneath the treacherous sea. In dreams
I see his eyes

Wild staring,—as if he saw our fate!
We came to this fair land a home to
make,
Its very sunshine mocks me! For thy
sake

I left on England's soil all that was dear
Except myself. My faith is failing. Fear
For the future is more than I can bear.

My precious babe,—thy mother's life
Is lost to thee; she sinks before the strife
The future has in store;—the end
Is come. That God will raise a friend
For thee,—is now thy mother's prayer.

Thy hand,—my husband, let me hold
thy hand—
And,—kiss me,—as I step upon the
strand—
That leads me to the lovely promised
land—
Where we—in light—shall—stand.

MISS S. A. TILLINGHAST,
Raleigh, N. C.

Zebulon V. Vance.

To Carolina he was true
Where days were dark and friends were
few;

When renegades for sordid gold
Their birthrights and their country sold.
'Twas he, who, steadfast and unmoved,
The Right endorsed, the wrong re-
proved:

And thus, to-day our champion stands
With patriot's heart and stainless hands!

We love the man whose honored name
Adds lustre to his country's fame;
Whose many virtues, peerless worth,
Are recognized from South to North.

In calm or storm, in weal or woe,
In loud defeat or victory's glow,
In cloudless day or starless night,
He ever battles for the Right!

Rev. H. D. LEQUEUX,
Morganton, N. C.

North Carolina.

With head and shoulders in the skies,
And feet upon the ocean placed,
Our State in fairest beauty lies
With every blessing richly graced.

And sons and daughters fondly raise
Their hearts and voices in her praise.
The wondrous Flora of the earth
Finds here a welcome neutral ground.

The Fauna of the seas has birth
Or in her shoals and sounds are found.
The Frigid and the Torrid meet
And in a friendly race compete.

The soils, the mines, the gems so rare,
Are more than ready tongue can tell,
And when with others we compare
The State we know and love so well,

She takes a high and noble stand
With wealth and honor at command.

Then Carolina wisely keep
The place thy worth can claim,
Let no dishonor, sloth or sleep
Bring scorn upon thy goodly name.

That all may ever proudly raise
Their hearts and voices in thy praise.
E. J. FANNING,
Wilmington, N. C.

North Carolina Pines.

[By one who Loves Them.]

Beloved pines! how they bend and bow
As the swift wind passes o'er!
Making sweet music to charm our souls
Like the sound of the surf on the shore!

Whispering of hope to the heart down-
cast,
And of peace to the tired breast;
Breathing to heaven sweet incense of
prayer

Of the wearied who're longing for rest.
Showing bright vistas of love and pride
To the young who fain would know,
Whether more of joy or grief shall be
theirs

As along life's unknown path they go.
Bearing the burden of battle and strife,
Thou didst do thy duty well!
Rearing thy plumed heads above the din,
The more emphatically to tell.

To those intruders upon her soil,—
Who dared destroy and kill,—
Whoever failed though ALL should be
lost,

Thou wouldst stand her "silent sentries"
still
Oh, willowy pines! none wonder now,
Her daughters should be so fair,
Since thou hast taken it to your heart
With them thy marvellous grace to share!

MATTIE W. ROUNTREE,
Oxford, N. C.

Raleigh's City.

A gallant figure, brave and debonair,
Courteous and fearless, strong yet dainty
sweet.

Links crude Columbia with the age that
bare
Rich fruit of wondrous genius, and where
beat

Men's pulses highest; age where valor's
heat
Burned in pure poet-souls with lustre
rare.

What was that grand unrest that from
the ease
And luxury of courts drove noble men
To brave the horrors of tempestuous seas,
That far off savage countries they might
ken—

Recording fearsome deeds with facile pen,
 Oftimes so skilled in courtly gallantries?

We know not now:—we who in languid
days
Are fallen, whence has died the flush
and thrice

That marked that tropic age; we wond-
ring gaze
Back to the race whose stern resistless
will

Was bent with sweetness, men with
equal skill,
To conquer foe or seeing fair lady's
praise.

O! Raleigh's city, who hast grafted deep
In life of this young nation, Raleigh's
fame—

Who Raleigh's mem'ry fresh and green
wouldst keep,
Though all forgetful England's self be-
came—

Would thou couldst wake, by magic of
his name,
That old-time spirit from its death-like
sleep!

Raleigh.

Soldier and wit, philosopher and one,
Whom naught could hinder till his work
was done;

Keen as his sword, his wit would flash
and fly—
True as his steel, his faith and constancy,
Urged by his earnest love for venture
high

He, seas, wild shores, and wilder men
defy;
And where the South Atlantic leaves
the green shores with its tepid waves,
He strands his barque, and with a state-
ly tread,

Old England's banner o'er the land he
spread.
The feathered Cacique, leaning on his
lance,
Looks on the hero with a wondering
glance,

Sees there the "white wings" resting on
the sea
That brought the stranger—can such
wonders be?

Thus Raleigh came to Carolina's shore
And plants the seed that goodly fruitage
bore.

Then dark days come, and horrors inter-
vene—
With blood and tumult fall across the
scene:

The war-whoop ringing through the sul-
try air—
Woman's mad wail of terror and despair;
But through it all there rises stern and
high

The shout of brave men battling till
they die.

Now Raleigh's stately dames, with loud
loud acclaim,
Tells Carolina's love for Raleigh's name.
EDWARD NATHANIEL BOYKIN,
Camden, S. C.

A Relic of Mecklenburg.

["The sword of General William David-
son hangs in Davidson College museum."]
CHAS. LEE SMITH.]

"Why hangs your sword on a college
wall?
The student's lamp and the blade of
steel,

The scholar's thought and the bloody
brawl—
They link not well for the common
weal.

Forbear, for this is a hero's sword,
And freedom's sons were the men he
led:

He fell in the fight at Cowan's Ford;
Cornwallis was glad to see him dead.

O swift Catawba, of all the blood
By arrows shed or swords or guns,
That ever yet flash'd adown thy flood,
The purest, sure, was Davidson's.

He was of the race that Tryon met
In freedom's cause on the Alamance,
He was of the men their seals that set
To th' patriots' just deliverance.

He was of the hornet's nest that flew
With Daire, Shelby, Sevier and Moore:
I cannot think that the Roman knew
A better way to a better lore.

The cause McAden and Caldwell made
Their own, along with their Christian
creed,
Can consecrate a crimson blade,
With noble thought match nobler deed.

CHAS. WOODWARD HUTSON,
Columbia, S. C.

North Carolina.

Triumphant daughter of Earth—from Heaven,
fire and wave!

The nameless ages blossom in their
prime
With golden summers of thy maiden
time,

And Nature from thy being speaks and
hears
Life multiplying life, its joys and fears.
White hopes Here holds, as gems thy
casket sod;

These dreaming hills and vales, each
fruiting tree
High mission feel the learning from thy
God,

Home giver to the red tribes greeting
thee
From mountains to the shining eastern
sea!

Lo, peopled years have passed. 'Mid
shrines and marts
The mind's outgrowth and strong arms'
force, as hearts

Tell life, tell empire. But dim grows
thy light
'Mid civil discords—necessary night
Of woe—black, thundering war, where
thy just pride

Gives Duty blood, and Honor purpose
tried.
Before thee thine is greatness yet un-
born—

The best unknown; and thou shalt light
THE morn,
Thou, noble in thine own intrinsic
worth,

But nobler still in thy great children's
birth,
Star, bright'ning in Columbia's constel-
lation,

Queen-sister in the sisterhood of States,
Whom bless with good the God and
kindly fates.

Fair Carolina, lead to Peace and Nation!
"23, 30, 8, 6."

With Johnston's Army in North Caro-
lina in 1865.

[A true incident and an act that I hold
in grateful remembrance. She never
gave her name, but God knows it.]
GEO. E. TAYLOR,
Pendleton, S. C.

The fiery surges of the awful strife
Swept o'er thy hills and dales, oh,
sturdy State!

The last dread moments of a nation's life
Were passing through the hour glass
of Fate.

The soldiers of the dying Cause were
camped
About a town embosomed midst thy
hills,

Grim visaged war with iron feet had
stamped
Its rustic beauty with unnumbered ills.

A youthful soldier standing guard one
day,
Wearied with marching, from long fasting
faint,

Thought hopeless of the food his strength
to stay
And lo! was fed and strengthened by a
saint.

The fretful current of these later years,
Has swept on onward with untiring speed,
But midst life's sorrows and its pangs
and tears,

The soldier boy can ne'er forget that
deed.

And so old North State ever in his heart,
He holds sweet thought of ALL thy
women fair;
A niche all garlanded and set apart
To loving memory of this deed most
dear.

Battle of Guilford Court House.

[No event of the War of Revolution
was more pregnant with the success of
the cause of American freedom than the
Battle of Guilford Court House—and no
event has been more neglected by histo-
rians. But for Guilford, the crowning
act of the glorious drama, at Yorktown,
would not have been possible—and it
should be the love labor of the great
State, upon whose patriot bosom was
fought this momentous strife, to lift
it to its well-won niche in the temple of
history; priceless to a people should be
the memory of their great and proud
deeds!]

When freedom's cause was topsy-rung,
Of hardy North State sons there sprung
A goodly band, who, wielding brave,
Black death to 'vading foe' gave.
At Guilford Court, where led by Green,
The flash of Carolina steel was seen:
That caused to rise, Yorktown, a star,
'Mid the mighty field of war.

No Guilford—there would not have
risen
Joy peans to the gracious heaven,
For at Guilford, by great War's per-
chance,

Freedom her birth did have; her deliver-
ance
Was had at Yorktown, near the main—
Fame of each is but the same.

From Guilford's field to sixty one,
Nowhere has valor brighter shone.
Brave-born these sons, to great deeds
moved.

Their all-valorous genitors have proved.
Oh! Freedom, keep alive the celestial
fires
And make us worthy of our sires.

ALEX. E. OWEN,
Portsmouth, Va.

Esther Wake.

One hundred and twenty five long years
ago,
'Twas seventeen sixty-five, then, you
must know,

There came, from "Old England," in the
hay-making time,
A lovely young maiden to this happy
clime.

They called her fair Esther, yes, "sweet
Esther Wake."
A name to Carolinians still dear, for her
sake;

And as long as WAKE county and WAKE
Forest stand,
This name will be honored by all in THIS
land.

The worthy historians, who wrote of her
days,
Declared that "Miss Esther" was law-
like in ways;

So graceful and winning, so blithesome
and "SMART,"
From the very beginning she won every
heart.

And the sturdy old burghers, in con-
clave, just voted
To build a fine palace for a beauty so
noted.

So twenty-five thousand hard dollars,
by TAXES,
Were paid in, but nothing for hoes,
picks and axes.

But the palace was reared; and in New
Bern we may
See some of the ruins of that palace to-
day;

But sweet "Esther Wake" smiled back
o'er the sea,
And left to Carolina a fair legacy,
Her NAME, to all hearts and to memory
dear,

A NAME, the "Old North State," will ever
revere.

Historic Carolina.

When Raleigh sent his daring crew
Across Atlantic's waters blue,
What welcome land first met their view,
The Old North State, Carolina.

Amazed at English dress and fire,
Westward the Redmen soon retire:
And now the white men hold the lands
From Cherokee to Roanoke's sands.

When Tyranny's relentless hand,
Oppressed America's fair land,
What State for freedom took a stand?
The Old North State, Carolina.

Her hand was first to break the yoke,
"All men are free"—the silence broke—
"Make way for liberty" they cried—
Made way for liberty and died.

When brother against brother warred,
And all our Southern land was marred,
Whose men with valor's gems were
starred?

The Old North State, Carolina's.

In that fierce war the first blood she
Was Carolina's, and her deed
Were found wherever heroes fell,
They were so brave and fought so well.

"Q. X."

Sir Walter Raleigh.

[Virginia, North and South Carolina
and Georgia, were all, at first, included
under one name, Virginia, so called by
Queen Elizabeth, after herself, the Vir-
ginia Queen, who claimed it as her own.

Carolina, North and South, was named
by Charles I., long afterwards, from
Carolus, his Latin name. The name and
fame of Sir Walter Raleigh should be
dear to us, since it was he who first en-
deavored to settle a colony in this State.

Facts from "First Steps in North
Carolina History."]

The knightly Raleigh, with a glad sur-
prise,
Saw, with all graces and all charms
bedight,

The young Virginia, in the morning
light,
As second Venus, from the waves arise,
Sought, for his country's Queen, to gain
the prize;

And golden apples bring, explored the
sea,
With heart of fire and soul of chivalry.
Warrior, Historian, Statesman, Christian
lies,

Inglorious, hid from Heaven's pure light
and air;
A hero, languishing in living death,
And gave to ingrate King, a martyr's
breath.

Well might all virtue, and all truth,
despair,
Oh, England! veil thine eyes in misty
tears,

When on thy 'scutcheon far, this spot
appears.

Carolina, our own, more faithful to his
fame,
Gave to her favored City, his illustrious
name.

MRS. J. M. ATKINSON,
Raleigh, N. C.

New Hanover in 1764.

[The following poem refers to the mag-
nificent conduct of the brave people of
New Hanover and Brunswick counties,
when, soon after the inauguration of the
iniquitous Stamp Act, the Diligence (an
English sloop of war) entered the harbor
of old Brunswick town for the purpose
of landing stamp paper for the colony.
It was a deed worthy of all fame, and
still it is known and recognized by but
few of the people of our country, or even
of our State.]

Spoke the leader bold of men four-score—
In seventeen hundred and sixty-four—
To a sloop of war that sailed one day
Into the river, and—later—lay,

Within the harbor of Brunswick town:
"No England! George's ships land here
Their odious freight; we do not fear
The sceptred hand of a tyrant's power!

Make sail and away; delay one hour,
And your cursed ship shall strew the wave
With flaming brands!" Thus spoke the
brave,

And, drawing nearer—with scarcely a
sound—
They cut the cables that held her bound!

Ere the sun came up on the other side,
To redder the waves at the ebb of the tide,
The ship with its hateful cargo passed
Away out of sight of hull and of mast!

Hurrah for the men of Wilmington,
By whom this deed of glory was done!
Remember the men of old Brunswick
town,

Who stood for the right as the sun went
down.

HUNTER L. HARRIS,
Raleigh, N. C.

Carolina!